

The Birds Of The Cross. 239

Go ! belgian, Turk, and Muscovite !
Go ! Tyranny of Spain !
Go ! ye red hands, that hold no right !
Go ! scaffold, knout, and chain !
Go ! ye who stir the heart to hate,—
Prillars and hypocrites of State,
who brew, while ye most dread, the storm,
And promise what ye ne'er perform !
The wind of God begins to blow,—
Go,—GO,—GO !

Be not Revenge the Hero's cry,—
'Tis Mercy bears the rod ;
Truth cometh downward from on high,
And Justice is of God.
He wills no Slave to tread His field ;
No base blood blisters on His shield ;
His stainless Flag goes floating o'er
The gladdening seas, from shore to shore ;
He bids the foes of Liberty
To flee,—FLEE,—FLEE !

ENVOY

TO MY BOOK.

 O thou, th' eternal way, unseen, unknown,
Where oft my Hopes, and oft my Fears
have flown ;
Where Dreams have paled to crumbling nothingness,
And Art is perished in the vast abyss !
What matters Lethe's wave a thought more
nigh
Thee than another ?—*All are born to die.*